

The Washington Times

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AN UNCALLED-FOR "HOLD-UP."

NEITHER PARTISAN NOR PUBLIC INTEREST DEMANDS THE PASSAGE OF THE OMNIBUS STATEHOOD BILL.

Senator M. S. Quay's campaign for the passage of the Omnibus Statehood Bill merits no praise from the judicious. Its conduct so far has savored neither of wisdom nor of statesmanship. Its methods have been as crude as they have been violent.

Mr. Quay's "mailed hand" has been shaken too openly in the face of the Senate. His theory seems to be that that body can be dragged into passing a measure which no appreciable public sentiment demands by threats that unless New Mexico and Arizona find the doors of Statehood flung open to them, other and vastly more important legislation will rot and perish on the session's unfinished calendar.

Partisanship has played the commanding role in most of the struggles in Congress to admit or to exclude new States. But Mr. Quay's "hold-up" campaign to thrust Statehood on Oklahoma, New Mexico and Arizona has not even this poor excuse.

In opposition to the wishes and judgment of the great majority of his Republican colleagues the Pennsylvania Senator has combined with the Democratic minority to push through the Omnibus Bill at any cost. If any political advantages are to be reaped from the admission of the three Southwestern Territories they will accrue not to the Republican, but to the Democratic party. And partisan advantage aside, what conceivable public or patriotic end would be subserved by the erection of sage brush and alkali wastes like Arizona and New Mexico into sovereign States?

We can agree with the contention that Oklahoma and the Indian Territory might be fitly joined under a carefully drawn act of merger to make a single State. Together they have a population far exceeding that of most of the Territories which have successfully knocked for admission to the Union; and they have the resources to constitute a rapidly growing and powerful commonwealth. Oklahoma alone might even be allowed to enter the Federal circle.

But to try to breathe the breath of Statehood into unripe, untrained, unsettled Territories like Arizona and New Mexico is a folly against which every consideration of true public interest protests. One experiment—that of Nevada—ought to be a sufficient warning against the creation of other sterile, dwindling, desert States.

Senator Beveridge and the majority of the Senate Committee on Territories take an eminently sensible view of the situation. They are willing to allow the admission of Oklahoma at this session, if necessary, yet they rightly insist that the creation of any new State or States at this juncture is not a question of vital and paramount importance.

The applicants—one and all—can well afford to wait. But the Senate cannot afford—nor the country afford—to have the legitimate and pressing business of the session blocked and sidetracked merely to afford the senior Senator from Pennsylvania an opportunity to show his faithfulness to the interests of his far Western Territorial friends.

A Test of Sincerity.

The Senate's failure to remove the prohibition provision tacked on the immigration bill by the House of Representatives leaves the latter body in a plight so pathetic as to demand sympathy from the stoniest heart.

It is a case of being between the devil and the deep sea, so to speak. If the House is "game," it must abide by its action, now concurred in by the Senate, and let the prohibition provision go through. But right here's the rub—every day will be "dry Sunday" at the south end of the Capitol building, and the parched tongues of the representatives of the sovereign people will hang out a yard long from their cracked lips. "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop (of anything stronger) to drink!" that's the prospect now confronted by members of the House.

The worst of it is, of course, that Representatives have themselves to thank for the woes now overwhelming them. They were not content to let well enough alone. They must needs pose before the country as cherishing a regard for the national dignity which made it impossible for them to view the sale of intoxicants in the House restaurant with anything but horror—when the truth is that they did not entertain this regard.

So they insisted on attaching this prohibition provision to one bill after another, counting on the Senate to knock it out. The final result is what might have been expected. The upper house has wearied of the hypocrisy of the lower and has permitted the provision to remain, thus threatening an early closing of the barroom feature of the House restaurant.

It's a safe wager, however, that prohibition will not prevail in the Capitol building. There are more ways than one of getting rid of an obnoxious feature in a bill, and the prediction is already made that this prohibition provision will mysteriously disappear from the immigration bill in some quiet and secluded conference. Should it so disappear, a lasting stigma will be put upon the sincerity of the House.

Sex Against Sex.

Perturbing as the thought may be to the soul of the average man, who cherishes by heredity a belief that he is one of the lords of creation and an object of especial regard in the eyes of women, the unhappy fact seems to be that his lordship is a good deal of a joke these days, and that the gentler sex wants him to keep a respectful distance away.

The most recent development emphasizing this ominous truth comes in the form of a news story from New York, announcing that the women of that city have begun a movement to compel street car companies to provide cars for women only. They are dreadfully frank about it, too, declaring that they seek to be released from contact with men, whom they describe as "falling over them, sitting on their hips and blowing tobacco-laden breaths in their faces." You can almost see, even in reading the news item, the disgust which men inspire in the bosoms of these women.

The peril of such a situation cannot be safely ignored. It is evident that woman has the bit in her teeth and is running away, not with, but from, man. She is in politics, has the right to vote here and there in various States, is indulging in club life, has lavished the business world—claims and enjoys nearly all the prerogatives which were once exclusively man's.

All this did not seem sinister so long as woman was disposed to be a good partner, friendly, likable, just a little dependent, as was the sweet woman of olden times, giving man her companionship and, it may be, her love. But now, if she is to take advantage of her strengthened position to turn her back absolutely on the once dominant sex, refusing even to associate with man, the time has come for masculine action in self-defense.

These thoughts are earnestly referred to the attention of thinkers and men of action. Woman has reached a point of formidableness from which she must be dislodged either by force or persuasion. Which shall it be? Are we still strong enough to subdue her by sheer strength? If not, can we make ourselves attractive enough in these unhappy days to woo her into her old regard for the sex? The New York incident makes it plain that a speedy decision on this point must be reached.

The Needs of the District of Columbia.

By HENRY B. F. MACFARLAND, President of the Board of Commissioners.

THE chief needs of the District of Columbia are extraordinary public improvements and a financial arrangement to meet the cost of them. The time has come when certain improvements must be made, and are to be made, and they are so numerous, so costly, and of such benefit to the future, that the District's half of their cost ought to be and must be provided in such a way as to spread the payments over number of years, instead of taking them out of current revenues. Unless taxation was raised to the point of confiscation, such payments could not be made out of current revenues, without so crippling the ordinary operations of the District government as to practically paralyze it. As Congress will not authorize a new bond issue for this purpose the only way to provide the District's one-half is to advance it from the National Treasury, to be repaid by a suitable sinking fund which the increased revenues would amply cover.

Congress has already authorized the most important of the extraordinary projects of improvement. These are the sewage-disposal system, which is to cost in all \$4,502,570.04, and for which \$2,234,473.04 has already been appropriated, so that \$2,268,097 will be required to complete it; the filtration plant, the authorized cost of which is \$2,768,405, and the amount appropriated \$1,300,000, leaving \$1,468,405 as the amount required for completion; the District government building, the authorized cost of which is \$1,500,000, and the amount appropriated \$300,000, leaving a remainder of \$900,000, which may not be enough for the purpose.

Besides these, there are other cases in which Congress has not completed its legislation. This is true of the very important project for abolishing railroad grade crossings and establishing the union station, which will be determined at this session. It is practically certain that this improvement will be made, and that the District's half of the Government cost will not exceed \$2,000,000.

The Commissioners, under authority of Congress, have purchased a site and secured plans for a District hospital, but Congress has not yet formally adopted the plans or made any appropriation for their execution. This ought to be done at

this session, for the need is pressing. At least \$1,000,000 will be necessary for this purpose, of which \$250,000 should be appropriated for beginning the work in the next fiscal year.

New bridges are needed in several parts of the District. Congress has authorized the construction of one across the Potomac to take the place of the Long Bridge, at a cost of \$996,000, and it has appropriated \$140,000 toward the construction of a bridge across Rock Creek on the line of Connecticut Avenue extended, for which \$550,000 more will be required. It is proposed to build a new Aqueduct Bridge across the Potomac, to cost \$940,000, and to reconstruct the Anacostia Bridge across the Anacostia at a cost of \$250,000. Congress has done nothing in these cases, nor has it provided for the reclamation of the Anacostia flats and their conversion into a park, which may cost \$1,800,000, although it has provided for the improvement of the Anacostia River up to the Navy Yard Bridge.

The Water Department of the District (self-supporting out of the rents of the water used) is improving the facilities for distribution, so that, when the fine new Trumbull Street pumping station is completed in the near future, all levels will be adequately supplied. It is estimated that no additional water supply will be required for ten years. But, meanwhile, preparation should be made for a new conduit and reservoir, to be completed in that time, and an appropriation of \$3,000 is asked at this session for preliminary surveys for an additional conduit from Great Falls. The Commissioners have recommended that a high-pressure fire protection service for the official and business section of Washington be provided, by special mains, to cost \$500,000, so that the fire-hose could be directly attached to the fire hydrants, which should have pressure enough to reach the tops of the high buildings.

It is estimated that \$10,000,000 would cover the District's half of the future cost of these extraordinary improvements, together with the amount already advanced by the Treasury to meet the deficit in District revenues caused by similar extraordinary demands. This could be paid easily in fifteen or twenty years by a sinking fund arrangement.

In the Public Eye.

The papers are full of stories of Speaker Reed. One of the quaintest and prettiest comes from Miss Grace Boutelle, daughter of Charles A. Boutelle, one of his most intimate friends. She says that on one occasion his daughter and her little sisters, then children, were playing together and were about to have a "midget party" in honor of their smallest dolls, when Mr. Reed and Mr. Boutelle walked in. The three little girls set up a shout, "Oh, goody, goody! Now you can come to the midget party!" She adds: "Mr. Reed looked speculatively at my father, six feet tall and correspondingly broad-shouldered, and then, with a glance, seemed to measure himself mentally with one of the midget chairs, remarking, with the utmost gravity, 'Should you judge, Charles, that we were adapted physically to a midget party?' Being assured by the children that they should sit in grown-up chairs, they entered into the spirit of the thing, and for the next half hour three small girls and one sister, just old enough to have a lively appreciation of the situation, and the two Congressmen, played midget with complete absorption."

D. H. Harkins, the veteran actor who died recently in San Francisco, had among his memories the curious one of having played Romeo the first time that Mary Anderson attempted Juliet. He said that at that time she resembled a

colt in physique, and her ignorance of the requirements of the part was something phenomenal.

GONE BEFORE.

A lonely dove sat cooing
As the evening sun sank low.
On the bough of a weeping willow
Which the winds fanned to and fro.
And the breeze gently kissed her
And wafted her song to me.
As the sunset's gold flashed o'er us
Engirding the drooping tree.

So soft and sweet the moaning
As it swelled on the evening air,
She seemed to sing the requiem
Of souls that slumbered there.

Of souls whose hopes and fearsings,
Whose struggling life and love,
Found rest beneath that willow
And its gently cooling dove.

But soon she spread her pinions
And soared into the west—
Off toward the glowing sunset,
Where she had made her nest.

And standing by that willow
In the years that I have seen,
I think of the bird's low moaning,
And the things that might have been.

Of the toll and strife all wasted
For things the heart might crave—
For we, like the dove, are singing
Our songs above a grave.

—Speed Mosby, in the Pilgrim.

"Unconsidered Trifles."

The Present Crop.

"So," said the old corn merchant thoughtfully, as he gazed on the brilliant throng, "that 'ere's to do honor to the 'flower of the British nobility,' is it?"
"Certainly, pa."
"Well, all I have to say is, if that little snip over there's the flower, he must 'a' been nipped in the bud."

Feminine Vanity.

"Women are vain. Look at all the proverbs that have been written about it."
"Yes; but most of 'em were made by monks and other people who never knew what it was to have an evening suit wrinkle in the back."

A Reason for Migration.

"All your children have gone to the city, have they not, Mr. Hayrack?"
"Yes," said the old farmer contentedly, "they hev. First Maria she come home and had to practice on the piano from morning till night; and then Susan she come and brought an artistic temperament, and couldn't rest if there was any noise within a hafter mile; and then Fred he come and led a strenuous life organizing the fellers into a football team, and then Mart he come and wanted to be a society man, and tried to tone up the old place to match. There ain't no one neighborhood that could be pleasant for all of 'em, and so ma and me thought they better go to New York and fight it out."

HUMOROUS GLEANINGS FROM THE NEWS WORLD.

Dorothy and the Count de Flaciac.

CHARLES LEE, a process server attached to one of the New York city courts, played a heart-breaking game on Miss Dorothy Morton, the comic opera star, when he presented her with a summons, received by this trusting maiden under the belief that it was a letter introducing the "Count de Flaciac" to her friendly attention. Lee himself was the bogus count, and had duly registered at the same hotel with Miss Morton, sending up his card to her and then feeling her into accepting the summons as stated, the case at issue being a suit against the actress to recover a millinery bill. Poor Dorothy has been shabbily treated. If there is anything a comic opera prima donna loves it is a French count well financed. If there is anything she loathes it is a process server. And to be duped by the latter masquerading as the former—well, that's simply the limit of chagrin and humiliation.

A New Terror in Football.

AS if the game of football were not already possessed of terrors calculated to try the stoutest heart, it is now being utilized in a sentimental way that is full of appalling possibilities. Edwin R. Thomas, of Toledo, Ohio, and Miss Nettie Backus, whom he was wooing, have just been married as the result of a wager on the recent game between the Minnesota and Michigan football teams, the girl being so confident of Minnesota's prowess that she staked her heart and hand on the result. This is an ominous development, and calls for remedial action. If football is going to encourage hasty and ill-considered matrimony, as well as the breaking of necks, backbones, legs, arms, and other

important sections of the human framework, it is time for the game to be forbidden by law.

Sinister Outlook in Historical Fiction.

RIGHT at the close of the year of greatest production—in quantity—known in the history of book publishing comes a sinister news item indicating that the future has even worse things in store for us. The Schweinfelders, of Worcester Church in Hereford, Pa., we are told, have elected the Rev. William S. Anders and Prof. H. W. Kriebel to make a six months' tour of Germany and get material to complete a sixteen-volume history of the Schweinfelders in Europe and America. Just think of it! Sixteen volumes of the story of the Schweinfelders, undoubtedly classifiable as historical fiction, and all our other writers in this field harder at work than ever!

Burnt Prairie Is Tamely Modern.

BURNT PRAIRIE, a Sioux Indian, who has proved his savage recklessness of spirit by marrying thirty-six wives, has just secured a divorce from the most recent acquisition, a Chamberlain, S. D., court obliging him in the matter. It is evident from this appeal to the law of the pale face that Burnt Prairie, despite his matrimonial record, is a decadent and sadly demoralized creature of modernity. Your old-time red man obtained a divorce in a far simpler manner—merely by shoving the objectionable wife out of his tepee and leaving her to hustle for herself in the matter of procuring the necessities of a primitive existence.

"OF MAKING MANY BOOKS THERE IS NO END."

Mark Twain on Christian Science.

Mark Twain is again pursuing the Christian Scientist with a pitchfork, or at least a belief in a pitchfork, which is quite as effective. In a recent article in the "North American Review" he says:

"A little far Western girl of mine says, 'I thought I would write a demonstration to you.' She had a claim, derived from getting flung over a pony's head and landed on a rock pile. She saved herself from disaster by remembering to say, 'God is All.' While she was in the air, I couldn't have done it. I shouldn't even have thought of it. I should have been too excited. Nothing but Christian Science could have enabled the child to do that calm and thoughtful and judicious thing in those circumstances. She came down on her head, and by all the rules she should have broken it; but the intervention of the formula prevented that, so the only claim resulting was a blackened eye. Monday morning it was still

A Cowboy Poet.

Ford Rayner Greene wrote his first poetry while on a ranch, engaged in horse-breaking. He says that in that period of his life he learned the secret of "keeping everlastingly at it," and collected enough rejection slips to paper a room. He is now able to give his time wholly to verse.

Confessions of Emile Zola.

The "Westminster Gazette" brings to light some "Confessions" written by Zola in a friend's album some years ago, and they are interesting in their way. Some of them are as follows:

The way I should like to die—Spontaneously.

My favorite occupation—Work.

What would be my greatest misfortune—To be in doubt.

My favorite prose authors—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite poets—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite painters—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite composers—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite writers—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite subjects—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite places—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite times—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite people—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite things—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite colors—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite foods—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite drinks—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite sports—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite games—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite pastimes—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite hobbies—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite amusements—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite recreations—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite pleasures—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite delights—Those who see and express clearly.

My favorite joys—Those who see and express clearly.

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